HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MAY 17, 1876.

NO. 19.

For shorter time, at proportionate rates. One inch of space constitutes a square.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT. Hon, James Stuart, Judge, Owenshore. Hon, Jos. Haycraft, Attorney, Owenshoro,

A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford, E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford, E. L. Wise, Jailer, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each

COUNTY COURT. Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford. Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford. J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in ever

QUARTERLY COURT. Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April,

COURT OF CLAIMS. Begins on the first Monday in October. OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell, 4. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs. 1 hos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs. W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Cancy district, No. 1—P. H. Alford, Justice of the Peace. P. O. White Run. Courts held March 6, June 17, September 4, and December 18. E. F. Tillord, Justice of the Peace.—P.O. Rosine. Courts held March 18, June 5, September 18, and December 8. W. W. Ezell, Constable, P. O. Rosine.

Cool Springs district No. 2—A. N. Brewa, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 3, June 15, September 2, and December 16 B. J. Wilcox, Justice of the Peace. P.O. Rockport. Courts held March 15, June 2, September 16 and December 2—Isaac Brown, Centable. P. O. Rockport.

Centertown district No.3—W. P. Render, J. P. P. O. Point Pleasant. Courts held March 31, June 14, September 30, and December 15. A. T. Coffman, J. P. P. O. Ceralvo. Courts

A. T. Coffman, J. P. P. O. Ceralvo. Courts beld March 16, June 28, September 15, and December 30. S. L. Fulkerson, Constable.— P. O. Hoggs Falls.

P. O. Hoggs Falls.

Bell's Store District No 4—Ben Newton, Where chills and fever trouble not,

J. P. P. O. Buford. Courts held March 11, June 23, September 11, and December 27, 8. Woodward, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 24, June 10, September 23, Decem-ber 11, Kli China, Constable, P.O. Bu

Fordsville district No 5-C. W. R. Cobb.
J. P. P. O. Fordsville. Courts held March
B. Jun. 19, September 8, December 22. J. L.
Barton, J. P. P. O. Fordsville. Courts held
March 20, June 7, September 22, December 8. J. I. Harder, constable, P. O. Fordsville, Ellis' district No. 6-C. S. McElroy, J. P.-P. O. Whitesrille, Daviess county. Courts held March 9, June 21, September 2, Decem-her 23, James Miller, J. P. P. O. Whitesher 22. James Miller, J. P. P. U. Whites-ville, Daviess e unty. Courts held March 22, June S, Scutember 23, December P. Consta-ble—base none. C. W. Phillips, Deputy Sheriff, P. O. Whitesville, Daviess county.

does the business.

Hartford pistrict No. 7—J. P. Cooper, J. P.
P. O. Beaver Dam, Courts held March 13,
June 20, September 14, December 20, A. B.
Bennett, J. P. P. O. Hartford Courts held March 25, June 12, September 27, December 13. W. L. Maddox, constable, P. D. McHenry. Cromwell district No. 8—Samuel Austin, J. P. P. O. Cromwell. Courts held March 27, June 16, September 29, December 29. Melvin J. P. P. O. Cromwell, Courts held

Martford.
Sulphur Springs district No. 16—R. G.
Wedding, J. P. P. O. Sulphur Springs.
Courts hold March 21, June 6, September 21,
December 7. J. A Bennett, J. P. P. O. Sulphur Springs.
Courts held March 7, June 20,
September 7, December 21. A. S. Aull, con-September 7, December 21. A. S. Auti, con-stable, P. O. Sulphur Springs. Bartlett's Procinct No. 11.—W. H. Cummins,

J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March June 25, September 12, December 26.
 Jackson Yates J. P. P. O. Buford. Court. held March 23, June 29, September 26, De camber 12. R. H. Burt-n, constable, P. O. Buford.

POLICE COURTS. Hartford-F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October ... J. N. Wise, Marshal.

-W. H. Blankenship, Marshal. Cromwell .- A. P. Montague, Judge, second Saturay in January, April, July and October -H. P. Wise, Marshal,

Ceralvo .- W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat- than I do, Ross." arday in March, June, September and Decem ber .- Daniel Tichenor, Marshal.

Hamilton-J. W. Lankford, Judge, postoffice address McHenry, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October. A. J. Carman, Marrhal, post-office address voice stopped her.

Rockport-James Tinsley, Judge, Mansfield Williams, Marshal, Courts held-

I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE No. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the Second and Fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.

L. Barrett, N. G. WM. Phipps, Sec.
B. P. Berryman, D. D. G. M.

I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.

Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky. every Thursday evening. A cordial invi-tation is extended to members of the Or-know next to nothing of the bitterness der to visit us, and all such will be made THOMAS TAYLOR, W. C. T.

GROSS B. WILLIAMS. W. Sect.
Miss Annie Tracy, L. D.

A. Y. M. HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets first Monday night in each nonth.

JOHN P. TRACY, W. M. SAM E. HILL, Secty.

R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Hard Times. Oh! take me friend, Oh! take me where Hard times none ever cry: Where bread and butter grow on trees, And enusages close by. Where oysters dwell in constant stews; And devil'd crabs fall out. Where Clams come ready cooked to hand

And cooks can never pout. Oh! take me to some wildernes,

Far, far away from town, Where turkeys roasted run about, With gravy dripping down; Where people never have to work, As some do, night and day, Where one can get just what he wants, And nothing have to pay.

Oh! take me where no wicked still Of strychnine whiskey's found, Nor where champagne fills every rill And cognae doth abound; But where the most delicious fruit The eye has ever seen, pontaneous rolls from mountains down And every hill, ice cream.

Oh! take me to the land of peace, Where never comes a dun, Where people never go to law, Where crops are good and never fail, And each one gets his share, Where one may eat, and drink,and sleep,

Oh! take me, do, where all the folks Get plenty clothes to wear: Where tashions never change, and pants Do never burst nor tear, Where satins, silks and bonnets all May have full supply. Where children are obedient,

Take me where wives good humor'd grow And gossips never talk, And parsons less by preaching judg'd Than by their daily walk ; Where doctor's charges are unknown,

And babies never cry.

And quinine is not sold.

Oh! take me, for I'm awful sick, Far, far from banks away, Where ne'er another note I'll give, Or have a bill to pay. Oh! take me to some wilderness Where all these things are found; Oh! take me, take me quickly, for I'm almost run aground,

The True and the False.

BY W. LAMONT.

When benuty fades, false passion's glow, Will quickly pass away; But heart to heart, and Winter's Will blossom like the May.

MAY'S NEW YEAR.

rules king of the gas-light. It is in his chanically with the question: March 17, June 30, September, 19, December raddy glow that the hollies and evergreens glisten, while the weird eyes of Hartford District No 9—T. L. Allen J. P.
P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 14, June
24, September 13, December 28. John M.
Lench, J. P. P. O. Besver Dum. Courts
fairest picture of all is the face of the ber 14. D. J. Whittinghill, constable. P. O. fair girl upon which his red light falls

"May Igleheart, I ask you for the loss of such as you, May," he said bitlast time, do you love me? Will you terly.

The tall form of the young man swung ficrcely around as he spoke thus passionately, his own face darkening as he waited, sternely looking into the girl's face, for an answer.

"Ross Newton," returned May Igleheart, reproachfully, yet in a voice softened by pity, "why will you pain Beaver Dam .- E. W. Cooper, Judge, first my own heart and yours by again ask-Saturday in January, April, July and October. ing that question which I have already answered, for were I to reply thousands and thousands of times, it must ever be the same. You cannot feel it more

"Then you do not-will never love

"As a friend," she began; but before she could finish the sentence his hoars

"Friend!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "No, by heavens! Never your friend. I ask your love, your life, or

She sat motionless, with eyes bent her lap, while his fierce passion swept on in a torrent of bitter words.

"I see it all. I knew it. It does no require keen-sighted eyes to penetrate your secret, May. You did care for me; you might have been mine had not that Philip Stanley stepped in between us."

"We cannot control our love, Ross," said May, sadly.

of love like mine, the love that bor. her pride! ders on hate in its intensity," and by a quick movement he clutched the hand of the girl in his, and held her powerless as a child, as he hissed forth his last threat and was gone.

"Women change their minds, thank heaven. And I swear, May Igleheart.

Truly there was much in the passion and pain of this interview to oppress est on the morrow. May Igleheart's soul. The very depths of this man's love and hate, so openly Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. SAM E. HILL, H. P. Comp. H. WEINSHEIM MER, Sec. of this man's love and hate, so openly displayed, were in themselves a shadowy form of coming evil. His parting fallen snow.

threat east a shade of depression upon

"Welcome him, Birdie," she said playfully to the pet dog curled at her feet, who had lain there a grim and seged his tail, and whinned a low, pleasant greeting.

contrast than was presented between angry scorn and he who now came forbeauty and brightness of every-day sun- by excessive grief nor joy: shine beaming from the eyes, about ure of his handsome face and figure.

Moments sweet to each passed thus tion, until unpreceptibly a touch of He goes toward her, and takes her sadness crept into his light-hearted hand in both of his own. She left it tones as he said seriously:

"May, it is so sweet to be here with you thus, that there is something Icansay good-by,"

"Good-by?" she asked tremulously. "Yes," he went on, "to my regret I shall not have the pleasure of leading you out in the dance to-morrow night. I shall have to resign that pleasure to some happier man. Byrd Kirby telegraphs me to join her here at the train to-night, and proceed with her to New York to-morrow, and I shall have to go." And as he spoke his hand wandered into his bosom, from whence he brought a picture which he placed silently before May for inspection. It was a handsome, high-bread girl face that lay there quietly in May Igle-New-Year's Eve. And the fire-light heart's lap unmoved, until raised me-

"And who is this Byrd Kirby?"

For a moment whole waves of anguished emotion dash over the face of the girl beside him, threatening to overthrow all composure; seeing which his face deepend with pain; vet a mighty effort of self-repression calms the accents of her voice as she asks

lightly enough: "But we shall meet again?" A little while and May Igleheart's bosom heaves hotly as she stands behind the curtain watching the dim outline of his retreating figure as it disappears down the lamp-lighted streets and into the distance.

This, then, was the ending-the bitter, pitiless ending. This the New-Year fete for which she must school her heart on the morrow! After months of such intimacy as only lovers know, she had all her love for him to be thrust aside thus, but a toy in the play that had amused him! Ah, well! let the morrow dawn, and though smiles might fail to come at her bidupon the tiny, folded hands resting on ding, she could still wear an armor of womanly reserve too deep for curious eyes to penetrate and discover the lac. erated heart beating beneath.

> It has been but a few brief months since Philip Stanley had first sought out and known May Igleheart.

Yet, as she stood there alone and "at bay" what years of joy and trust and splendor seemed the life of those months to her. And yet day after day had he sought and lingered in her society as pastime. How stinging to

Day after day, and no word to her of that woman to whom his honor and his faith were plighted.

Truly, her heart was stung to defiince-perhaps revenge.

New-Year's Eve. The city streets ablaze with light and alive with huyou shall yet be the bride of Ross New- man beings, hurrying to and fro in still, though sad as the thoughts which pursuit of pleasure or in search of some gift for those dearest and near-

"And I bring my loved one a gift to-night!" was the joyous thought hugged close in the breast of a young man, as he sped lightly over the new

"I wonder will she look so sweet and her which she found it impossible to lovely as she did this night one year question that intrudes itself upon the banish, until a light footstep resounded ago, when I was forced to leave her in upon the hall floor, and a bright voice pain, if not resentment? Ah, yes! cried, "Many happy returns to you, her smile was ever brightest for me, May!" Suddenly all the joy and glad- and Byrd Kirby might have spared freedom I craved as the bird whose pin- dare!" ions are scorched!"

And this busy thought impels opward flying feet, until before he knows | where?" lect watcher, while the other remained; it quite he stands on the hearth-rug and in obedience to her voice, the little where he stood just one year ago, waitshaggy-coated animal bounded up, wag- ing the entrance of her to whom he brings his New-Year's gift.

The door opens quietly, and May the book on her lap. There could not be a more striking Igleheart glides in with all the self-possession and grace of a queen. Her the lover who had just left her side in cheeks crimson fitfully as she recognizes the face of her visitor. There ward to grasp her extended hand. Tle is a perceptible start of surprise, and one as dark and stern as the summer then she sweeps forward gracefully, as storm cloud, the other with all the she murmurs in tones marred neither

"Ah, well! you have come then to his mouth, and playing upon each feat- redeem your engagement for the dance, so abruptly broken last year? I am quite glad to see you, Mr. Stanley even unheeded by them in bappy conversa- at so late an hour. Pray, be seated."

to him, and he kissed it again and

Still, something in the complete not bear to tell you, and yet-I might calmness of her manner, the strange have known there must be an end to glitter in her bright blue eyes, daunts this pleasant companionship. I have the young man for an instant, causing come-I have come," he answered, "to him to flinch and falter ere he frames a reply.

"O, May! can you ask why I came, knowing of my old devotion to you?" She did not speak, however, and her

cold fingers returned no pressure to his. "No, May; I have come for something better still. I have come to bring you a token of faith and loyalty to you. I have come to bring you a New Year's gift which I have been keeping for you-only you."

"Is it not too late ?"she asked coolly. "It rests with you entirely. I trust

"To-morrow, then, we will see."

"No, to-night." Eager-hearted as a boy, his thoughts burn with longing to ask the question nearest his soul, but, fenced in by the "Is it possible I have never told you shield of this woman's graceful ease, trieves our fallen fortunes; the woman gaze, beautifies the calm face before whose great beauty consoles me for the him: yet with it all there is some change, something lost or gained, something new to him, a womanly reserve

> which he cannot fathom. And thus hour is added to hour in light conventional talk, and he is not nearer making good his gift to her than when he first entered.

> "But before we part to-night, May, you will tell me whether or not you will take this gift I bring you!"

"It is quite nice, then? Pretty as this?" she enquires, quettishly toying with a heavy gold locket suspended from her throat.

"It is myself-my own love," h replies, passionately, as he stoops and kisses her cheek quickly, opening the locket, aud in a confused way asking: "And whose picture is this?"

The girl trembles from head to foot at his caress, yet withdraws herself proudly as 'she icily responds :

"The man to whom I am engaged Stabbed to the heart, Philip Stanley cries only, "Ross Newton?" "Yes, he whose wealth restores our

fallen fortunes; he who consoles me for the loss of such as you, Philip."

His own words thrown cruelly back ipon him to rankle in his heart forey-

Their hands clasp coldly. A smile bow, and Philip Stanley is out in the street, a grief-burdened man. Day dawns ere his weary feet seek a place of repose.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly. New Year's Eve. A night as sweet and soft and balmy as June's own. In the sky bright stars sing songs together. On the light, warmth and merry-making reign."

Seated by an open window May Igleheart's head is dropped upon one hand dejectedly. Time has not stolen one trace of beauty from the face in all save sadness the same. It is lovely wander thus . "New Year's Eve. No lover to-

aside for some one richer in the world's out and close the door. We then wealth."

"May Igleheart, your heart must be a pitiable thing!"

"Why do you wander here?" is the reflections of the young man as he idly paces a street near the home of her he has once loved.

And his feet kept pace with his thoughts, and they are wending-May Igleheart still sits by the win-

dow, the longing yet in her eyes. All of a sudden a footstep grates on the floor without; a shadow falls across

"May !" "O, Philip!"

ver May and Philip were married. heralded in as it had been by one most perfect New-Year's Eves.

Weighed in the Balance and

"Have you any experience in the siness?" we asked a verdant-looking youth who applied for an editorial position the other day.

"Haven't I, though?" he replied. shoving one foot under his chair to hide the unskillful patching of a backwoods cobbler. "I should say I'd had experience-haven't I corresponded with the Pumpkinville Screamer for six weeks-han't that experience

"That will do very well," we replied, "but when we take young men on our editorial staff we generally put them through an examination. How

many are twelve times one?" "Twelve! Why any little boy

ought to be able to ans-" Hold on, please-don't be too fast Who discovered America?" "Klumbus! Pshaw, them ques

tions are just as easy as-"Who was the first man?" "Adam! Why, mister I know

"What was his other name?" "His other name? Why he didn have none." we've got you. His other name was Ebenezer-Ebenezer Adam, Esq., late

of Paradise. Nobody knows this but editors, and see to it that you don't tell anybody." He said he wouldn't. "How many bones are there in the

human body ?" "Well, I forgot now but I did know What! don't know that! Why. there are 7,483,144 bones in an ordi-

more bone than other people." "What bone is that?" "The trombone. It is situated some where in the nose. You won't forget

nary man. A man that snores has one

that, will you?" He said he wouldn't. "How long would it take a mudturtle to cross the desert of Sahara with a little orphan boy to touch him

up behind with a red-hot poker?" "Well, look here, mister, if I had a slate and pencil I could figger that out, but dog my skin if I'm much on mental 'rithmetic."

"Slate and pencil! Did you ever see a slate and pencil about a sanctum? Well, we'll let that question slip,-Have you got a good constitution ?" "Purty tolerable."

"How long could you live on raw corn and faith, and do the work of a lomesticated elephant?" "Oh,dear! I don't believe I could

live mor'n a week. "Well, that's about as long as you'd want to live if you got an editorial position on this paper. We shall ask you one more question, and if you prove equal to it you can take off your coat

"Let's have 'er, 'Squire; I didn't istration reached its highest point and correspond for the Pumpkinville Screamer six weeks for nothin'. Let er' come-I'm on deck, I am.

"Well, sir, if two diametrical cir cles with octagonal peripheries should collide with a centrifugal idosyncrasy, or, to put it plainer, we'll say a disen franchised nonentity, what effect would the catastrophe exert on a crystalized cod-fish suspended by the tail from the homogeneous rafters of the empyrean? As the full force of this ponderou

problem broke upon his bewildered brain, he slowly dragged his inartistically cobbled shoe from under his chair and started from the room .placidly resumed our duties, regretting that so promising a youth should have been weighed in the balance and found wanting .- Franklin Patriot. possible, and no difficulty or confusion Appleton's Journal.

The Democratic Candidate. need attend the choice. For notwith From the New York Weekly Tribune. standing the outcry the party has made It may or may not be an indication about political corruption and its clamof what popular expectation is regard- or for reform, it happens that only one ing the result of the next Presidential of their conspicuous leaders has actually "New Year's Eve; but I have no election, but the fact certainly is that shown the ability, capacity and honness of her fair young face returned as herself that long tirade with which love to-night. Twice rejected! Philip the probable action of the Republicans esty of purpose to carry out great pracshe sprang forward to meet the new she set me free, had she known it was Stanley, think of that and love if you at Cincinnati is much more generally tical reforms in politics. Gov. Tilden discussed than that of the Dem- is the only prominent Democrat in the ocrats at St. Louis. Much more in- country whose name has been brought terest is manifested by the public in forward for the St. Louis nomination the Republican nomination than the who has actually done anything in the Democratic. This would hardly be so way of Reform. His sincerity has unless there were a conviction in the been attested in his great battles with popular mind that the next Presi- the Tammany Ring in this city and dent is to be nominated at Cincinnati the Canal Ring in the state He has and not at St. Louis. This was not shown his faith by his works. The the case eighteen months ago. After country recognizes in him a genuine the Democratic victories which brought Reformer. While other men in the And heart meets heart as hand into being the present Congress there party have theorized, he has acted; was not only confidence on the part of while others have been satisfied with Before the New-Year season was the Democracy that the tidal wave denouncing the corruptions of oppowould roll beyond the Presidential elec- nents, he has made war upon official Their wedding day was the brightest- tion and place the government in their crime wherever found, and never sparhands, but there was a corresponding ed a criminal of his own party. Few despondency on the part of the Repubmen in public life have accomplished licans which approached utter dis- so much and so good work as he. No couragement. That there has been a man in his party so thoroughly reprevery positive change in public opinion sents the idea of political reform. His ince then is too plain to need argu- is the only name that as a Democratic ment. The talk of the people, the candidate would have any serious tone of the press, and, more convincing meaning to the people. still, the tables of election returns, all Not to nominate him at St. Louis attest it. For this change of sentiment would be to start off with the confesthe Democrats have only themselves sion that all the talk by the party leadto thank. They have been trusted ers and party presses about Reform is with just a little power, and instead of hollow and insincere. No platform exercising that little with something plank nor resolution, nor anything else like discretion and judgement and a the Convention could invent or say or proper sense of responsibility, they do, could make good such a mistake or have shown only headstrong partisan- atone for such a blundering attempt at ship, an insane office greed, and a lack deception. The sentiment of his own of capacity and fitness beside which state in his favor will undoubtedly find the worst things they ever charged expression at the convention at Utica against the opposition seem reputable, to-day. There should be no hesitation wise and honest. Coming into their about making that expression clear, little taste of power upon the strength positive, and unmistakable. The Demof their elamor against the financial ocratic party cannot afford to make policy of the Republicans, and their the coming canvass upon the issue of own claim to be able to devise a better, Reform after defeating the nomination they have frittered away months in of Samuel J. Tilden in the St. Louis caucusing and have not yet been able Convention, for he is the only man to agree upon the first sylable of a pol- they have to give it any meaning. The icy of any sort. Pretending to be sin- party in this state know it. They

fying the Civil Service, they have, so ing matters. Newspaper Contributors.

The number of people who believe

cerely desirous of reforming and puri- ought to say so at Utica, without mine-

investigating corruption, they have that writing for the journals is like ex-

far as they had the power, plunged

into a deeper and dirtier slough than

making the best assurances of sincerity.

platform. In his character and his

record there must be the solid sub-

pose to carry honest intent into prac-

tical effect. Eighteen months ago,

when the reaction against the Admin-

sent the Republican party to defeat,

the Democrats might have nominated

been prominently named for the Presi-

ever. And even in the business of

exhibited such partisanship, have been ecuting a trade-order, is singularly so credulous of charges against oppolarge. Scarcely a day passes that we nents, no matter how vague and wild, are not asked by persons ambitious of and so ready to cover up the offences literary success what sort of articles of their party friends that the very in we are in want of, under the confident vestigation by which they hoped to assumption that, having ascertained make capital for themselves have ac- the need, they can readily provide the tually damaged them and created sym-supply. Do we want a serial novel? pathy for those whom they have They are at lessure to turn their hands pursued. So that the feeling with to a serial. Are we desirious of short which the party is viewed by the honest stories? They would be glad to furbody of independent voters in the nish short stories, historical, romantic, country, whose ballots are necessary to imaginative, domestic—in any style to elect a President, is one of profound our liking. Do we wish essays?-The question then for thoughtful They will write essays. But do we wish them upon literature or do we men in the party, for even the politicians who do at least honestly desire prefer art-topics? Are we inclined success, is how to regain public confiwish the serious or sarcastic vein?dence and secure the needed votes. Shall the tone be moral or asthetic ?-Obviously enough it cannot be done And then are we looking for poetry? by any professions or promises, or plat-Their rhyming facility would soon enform platitudes. Nor can anything be expected from this Congress. Pub-We certainly must know the sort of lic opinion has already set down that literary merchandise in which our body as a "bad lot." It cannot now stock is deficient, and if we should imhelp the party by its investigations, no matter what exposures it may make. promptly undertake to prepare the It is only possible for the party to reneeded articles! It is in vain we cover its lost prestage and put itself in hint to these folks that literary papers, a position to entitle it to confidence by in order to be valuable, must be the voluntary products of the writer's spe-The candidate himself must be the cial knowledge, of his ripe reflection upon themes which he has well studied. They cannot for the life of them comstantial evidence, not merely of honest prehend that the writer who asks an intentions, but of a downright set pureditor for suggestions as to what he shall write about, only proves thereby his entire incompetence for that which he fain would undertake. One can write well and effectually only upon that which his own nature prompts, or upon themes that are the outcome of with reasonable hopes of success almost his experience or his study : and hence any one of the gentlemen who have we beg to ask the ambitious amateur how it is that he presumes to enter the dency on that side. To-day the case is different. They cannot now, as they knowledge, with no facts to communi field of literature with no stock of might then, carry the country upon cate, with no ideas to promulgate?the weakness of their opponents. Since Does he imagine that a worthless tact that time their own weakness has been in making sentences, in drawing out a disclosed. Their candidate must be a feeble attenuation of conventional comman whose record has identified him are desirious of employing, or the pubwith political reform—one whose candidacy would of itself go far to retrieve nothing to ray it is the most obvious night. Twice woed and twice cast We heard him descend the stairs, go the blunders and recover the lost wisdom for him to hold his tounge; ground of the past year and a half, and when a would-be writer does no Happily for them, if they have but the other it is also perfectly clear that his wisdom to see it, such a candidate is mission is not literary, but silence.-